a four years' course in two years, and he had to study night and day."

Dearest, he was so nice, so manly and modest and tender! I was just longing to squeeze his hand or something, and instead there I was making frivolous remarks!

"The fellow wanted an education more than anything else in the world," he went on, "and so he was mighty grateful to the man, and he swore to himself that he would pay off the debt of gratitude as well as the money. After he graduated he went to work for the man, paying him little by little, and everything went along all right until a girl came along—"

"Was she pretty?" I asked.

"Yes," he said very low, "lovely enough to make the fellow's head swim; lovely enough to make him forget his gratitude to the man, and everything else in the world!"

Fancy how sweet this was for me to hear! "Go on!" I said breathlessly.

"The man's son was in love with the girl, you see, and the man's heart was set on their getting married. In the circumstances the fellow's duty was plain—hands off! But he was taken by surprise. You see, he'd had to work so hard that girls had no part in his life up to that time, and he didn't know how to resist them. He was obliged to see her every day, and little by little he found himself caving in—though he despised himself for it."

"Didn't he ever happen to think about the girl?" I demanded indignantly.

"Yes," he said. "As long as he thought she was in love with the man's son, it was easy to keep his own feelings under; but by and by he began to suspect that she wasn't—"

"Well?" I said, as he stopped.

"There you have the problem," he said. "Should the fellow tell the girl—or should he go on keeping it to himself?"

My heart beat so loud I thought he must hear it. What was I to say? I wanted him so; but I was furious at him too! I wasn't going to give in so long as his conscience was troubling him.

"It was for him to decide," I said sharply; "not her."

He hung his head a little. "Suppose he'd got to the end of his rope," he said, "and wasn't able to think any more about what was the right thing to do?"

It was so strange and sweet to see his stiff neck humbled at last! I just longed to throw my two arms around it. But he had put it up to me. I couldn't run the risk of having him feel sorry the next day. I finally got it out.

"The right thing for him was to keep it to himself."

How I hoped he wouldn't obey me! But he did. "Of course that's the answer," he said, raising his

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EXHIBIT Y

By AMANDA MATHEWS

DIEGO, the blind Yaqui musician, sat on the edge of his cot within his diminutive hut of branches and dried grass. Across his knees lay a stringed instrument fashioned from an armadillo shell. Taken in conjunction with his primitive rooftree and the sounds he drew from the rifled armadillo, Diego constituted Exhibit Y in "Dad's Park of Educational Amusement."

Diego wore the usual garb of the Mexican peon,—white cotton blouse and baggy trousers, scarlet sash, peaked sombrero, and leather sandals. Even with his scarred eyeballs concealed by black goggles, his strong brown features were impressive. He had the athletic leanness and the magnificent chest development of his race. It is no marvel that a people with such chests should be almost unconquerable.

The American bedquilt that served as a mattress on Diego's cot was dotted along the edge by little hillocks, each rising over a week's pay in silver dollars. The Yaqui's hoard was thus his calendar of exile. Some piles were flattened; but he so distributed his few expenditures as not to invalidate the record.

Diego heard the gates creaking their Sunday afternoon opening and took his place on the bench before his hut. The day was fine, and he soon knew by the volume of shuffling and talk that the attendance was above the average. He waited until the shuffling was threaded by Dad's familiar step. Next followed the thump of Dad's placing his movable soapbox platform and its weary creak under Dad's substantial weight. Then the confused babble of idle talk was checked by the voice of the park's apple-cheeked old guardian.

The Indian recognized the proper names "Yaqui" and "Yucatan" in spite of Dad's flatted vowels; and the words were like smoke in the eyes, for he understood that Dad was expounding the defeat and deportation of his people; but there was no quiver of his bronze mask. He heard his own name, and judged correctly that it was being told how his eyes had been shot out by a Mexican soldier and himself left for dead in a bunch of underbrush, where he lay for two days before his own people found him.

Even at "Rosita" and "Pepita" his lean brown fingers made no faintest vibration of the strings on which they rested, though the words were like cactus thorns in the flesh. Rosita was his wife, shipped off to Yucatan with five of their children when he lay in the brush; Pepita, the youngest child, had been torn from the mother's arms and left behind as too small and cumbersome for the journey.

Here the Indian's mind branched off on a trail it was continually following these last weeks, although it led nowhere. Seven money-heaps ago, after one of Dad's speeches, an American woman had pressed forward and told Diego in broken Spanish that she was the wife of an American mine owner in Sonora; that she was leaving soon to join her husband there; that she would try to find Pepita and send her to Diego at the park. Very kind of the American señora; but Pepita had been lost over a year, he himself had searched and searched for some certainty regarding her, many of the Yaqui children thus abandoned had died—no, the matter was hopeless!

Diego was aware that Dad had ceased and he was expected to do his turn. Usually his performance, though conscientious as to quantity, was listless and mechanical. The visitors to the park were nothing but a jumble of unintelligible noises to him. His darkened eyes looked always into what had been when he was a man and alive,—so alive that he made songs for his people because, whatever they felt, he felt even more than they, felt it in his throat and his fingers till it had burst forth into song.

TODAY, for the first time since his home nest had been robbed, the spirit of improvisation was upon him. He broke into a singsong chant not unmelodious, flinging it out not to his shuffling, chatting audience, but to Rosita in far Yucatan. The music was as distinctly Yaqui as the words.

"I sing of my mating with Rosita, Rosita, my *Omocoli*, my dove. I was called to the house of the old men. I bowed my head while they scourged me with stinging words. I was poor, they said, a stealer of fish without the courage to drive off cattle. I was no runner; never did my enemy behold my face in battle. I lifted my head; I sent out my voice; I gave them back words for words till their hands they clapped. There she stood just without, my Rosita, my *Omocoli*, with all her family. The oldest man gave me a gun. 'You fire this into the sky,' he said; 'but Rosita's bullet shall find your heart if you are unfaithful!' Then Rosita fired the gun at the sky in her turn, and we feasted and danced; till the sun rose we feasted and danced."

Suddenly with an eery swing the music glided into the Yaqui wail over the dead. The tune was immemorial; but the words he set to it were the cry of his own peculiar grief.

"Graves! Graves! I sing of the gladness of graves! Their sadness I would have sung in a happier time; but now—*netucaul netucaul!* I would thank the saints on my knees for graves. *Netucaul netucaul!* O that I might set the gourd of water and the little sack of parched corn at the head for the journey! O that I might heap the stones over them and place the wooden cross! *Netucaul netucaul!* I would not then need to ask, Are my loved ones beaten? Do they scorch with fever? Where lie their unblessed bones? Where now are Juan and Miguel? Where are Dolores, Maria, and Magdalena? Where is Rosita, my wife, my *Omocoli*? Where is Pepita, my little one, light of my eyes, my *puasoa*? Her customs were the most enchanting of all children.

"'What are your eyes, Pepita, my *puasoa*?'

"'Little stars,' she would say.

"'What is your nose, O Pepita, my *puasoa*?'

"'A little hill the stars twinkle down upon,' she would say.

"Who will lead me to the grave of Pepita? *Netucaul*!"

The music ceased, and the Yaqui's head dropped forward. The thoughtless Sunday crowd, released from the spell, once more shuffled and chattered. Dad's voice was soon borne faintly from the far side of the trained bear's cage, expounding Bruin as he had expounded Diego. As the Yaqui showed no disposition to perform further, the few who lingered about his hut drifted away to other more lively attractions.

SUDDENLY Diego sensed a backward rush of people in his direction. He heard Dad's approaching voice choking and coughing with excitement. He heard tense mutterings of many.

Then some warm object, cloth enveloped, was thrust between his knees. A child! A little girl! For once the stoic Yaqui was taken off his guard. His body swayed. His hands played over her smooth straight hair, her soft little face, her thin shoulder blades.

"*Hachim? Hachim?* Is it thou, Pepita?" he groaned in anguish of suspense. "Too tall; but then a year—a child grows in a year. Tell me thy name, Child, tell me thy name!"

No sound came from the little figure at his knees.

"Thy name!" he implored. "Oh, Santa Guadalupe, Virgin Mother, help her to tell her name!"

"[illegible]," came in a die-away little whisper.

"But that is no name," he protested with desperate patience. "Tell me thy name!"

The little creature was silent.

"Look at me! Am I thy father?"

"No," came the fluttering whisper.

"She is one of mine, poor little waif! She is not Pepita, my *puasoa*, and yet my children never saw me blind. It might—" He caught her tightly by the shoulders. "Pepita, what are thy eyes?"

He seemed to wait many money-heaps for that question to sink down through layers and layers of bewilderment, fright, abuse, and tragic [illegible]. He forced himself to release her shoulders and repeat the question more gently: "What are thy eyes, Pepita, my *puasoa*?"

The answer floated to the surface at last dreamily, as if unprompted by the child's conscious thought or memory, but merely an involuntary response to a familiar stimulus: "Little stars."

"And thy nose, Pepita, what is thy nose?"

"A little hill the stars twinkle down upon," she breathed back.

Diego gathered the child up in his arms with such vehemence that she seemed in some danger of being crushed by paternal joy.

He had forgotten the crowd; but now he heard various chokings and sobbings which were entirely new in his experience with the patrons of the park. Dad fairly bellowed as he danced about the Yaqui, slapping him frantically on the back. This great onrush of sympathy toppled over the barriers of race and blindness. For the first time since his Sonora days the Indian felt himself in the midst of human beings instead of vague, impersonal noises.

"Friends," he shouted, "friends, I have my Pepita!"

The Yaqui language was sufficiently luminous for once, and the crowd cheered until he carried the child inside his house. There he crooned over her as her mother might have done, and rocked her on the edge of the cot with such abandon that the money-heaps all jumbled together—which was not of the least consequence, as that was Diego's day to start a new calendar.

"Thy Name! Tell Me Thy Name!" He Implored.